

## JEFF AVOIDS PUBLIC

One Hope of Race Surprises Followers by Silence.

## LONG TIME SINCE LAST BOUT

Light Fans Are Eager for Another Fight at the Former Champion in Action—Five Years Have Elapsed Since His Last Battle with Jack Munroe—Other Ring Gossip.

New York, April 17.—It has been a surprise to many light fans that Jeffries has kept in his shell so long and avoided making a public statement. Nobody would care to accuse him of a lack of either sincerity or courage. The opinion has prevailed for some time that the big fellow really didn't know himself whether or not he could get in such physical shape that he could put up a battle that would do himself justice. Since Jeff and Corbett boxed on the Coast six years have elapsed, and it is five years since the two-round affair with Jack Munroe. Those were Jeffries' last bouts. Naturally it would be hard for him to find out just how good he is. Berger says Jeff can get back in shape, but as he is his sparring partner, the statement is not quite so convincing to the general public as it would be if it came from another source. There is a way, however, by which Jeffries could determine his physical condition if he cared to, and he has been discussed more than once around the resorts where sportsmen are wont to congregate.

Let him try himself out with a less formidable man than the giant negro Johnson, who now holds the title. Then, if he got safely by that one, it would be time enough to take on Johnson. If his showing were mediocre, he could call the whole deal off and publicly retire. Bob Fitzsimmons worked that scheme to good advantage ten years ago. He was knocked out by Jeffries at Coney Island in June, 1899. Fourteen months later he thought he would like to have another try at Jeffries, but he took on Gus Ruhlin first. He put Ruhlin away in short order. Then he met Tom Sharkey at Coney Island two weeks later, and settled the sailor in a couple of rounds. Jeffries was in New York at the time, but would not give Fitzsimmons a match. He made him wait two years, although Fitz was in excellent condition at the time. The Garden promoters offered to match Fitz and Jeff, but the latter said nay. When Jeffries and Fitz fought their second battle in "Frisco" in 1902, the former won in eight rounds. There are several heavyweights with whom Jeffries could try himself out and ring patrons would attend such a match. They would be just about as anxious to find out Jeff's condition as the retired champion would himself, and then the question could be settled conclusively for all time to come.

Young Otto is still hitting it up at a fast clip in England and France. He is fighting about once in every two weeks, giving away weight liberally, and winning all his bouts by knockouts. Word has been cabled over here that he has signed up for two more matches. On April 28 he goes against Young Joseph for twenty rounds in London. On May 3 he will meet Marcel Mercur for twenty rounds in Paris. Joseph weighs 160 pounds and the Frenchman 175. But even with the advantage the two foreigners will have in weight, it would not be surprising if Otto won both bouts. He has the physical ability to whip any light-weight in the world, according to many. What he lacks is aggressiveness, and in some cases confidence. Any time he feels sure he can beat a man it is a good bet he will do so. That is probably the way he will be with the two coming opponents. He knows he can beat them, and if he does, he is worth a bet.

Sandy Ferguson has cut into the heavy-weight game and mugged things up a trifle. They thought he was entirely out of the running a long time ago, but he has fooled all hands by defeating Al Kuback and Jimmy Barry. His manager, Hugh McLean, of Boston, intends to demand recognition, and if Sandy really does "have" and sticks faithfully to his training, there is no telling just how things will turn within the next year. Ferguson always could fight at a top-notch clip, but it was a difficult task to be a contender. He fought many of the best of them, and nobody ever hurt him a great deal. McLean tells about Sandy's reformation. "Christmas night I was in a Boston newspaper office with a couple of fellows, 'listening' to the cable reports of the Johnson-Burns fight. When he heard the winner declared, and remembered that he had fought Johnson four times, Sandy went out, took the pledge, and has kept on the water wagon ever since."

Leach Cross is figuring on getting back in the game after a month's lay-off. His last bout was at the Palmyra A. C. in Philadelphia, with Packer McFarland, and what Packer did to him would be said to relate. The dose is that Cross simply can't reach the really clever fellows like Jim Driscoll and McFarland. Both of them made him look like a dunce all the way. He can do better against the slow, hard-hitting kind, but he is a coward. Three times within as many months Cross has essayed to meet the clever ones, and was smothered each time.

When the arena of the Olympic A. C. at Essington, Pa., was destroyed by fire the other night, one of the coolest and at the same time handsomest clubs in the country was put out of business. The club was originally started about three years ago by Tom O'Rourke, Dick Kahn, Billy Rocca, Tim O'Leary, and a contractor named Prettyman. While they put on a number of interesting bouts, the institution never was a financial success. The authorities always made it hard for the club officials and fought them at every turn. The fire, which netted a loss of \$10,000, with scarcely any insurance, is believed to have been of incendiary origin. It was in this ring that Hock Keyes, the Australian, and Amby McGarry fought their twenty-round bout that subsequently caused such a difference of opinion among the writers as to who was the winner. No official decisions were given at the club, the bettors relying on popular choice to win or lose their wagers.

Felix Boehm, who owns the training quarters at New Dorp, Staten Island, has remodeled the place, and when he threw open the doors last week a marked improvement could be noted in several departments, especially in the gymnasium. New training paraphernalia has been introduced.

A team composed of former college stars, known as the Fenwick Giants, seems to be one of the strongest in the National Amateur Athletic Union. The Fenwick club played no match for the former rah! rah! boys.

Yankees Get Perkins. Newark, N. J., April 17.—"Bill" Perkins, of the New York Americans, was purchased from Manager Stallings by the Newark club today and reported tonight. The price paid was not given out.

Electric Score Board

All Games Away From Home Reproduced at National Rifles Army, 9TH AND G STS. N.W.

FIRST GAME APRIL 21, 4 P. M.

(Opening of the Season in New York.)

NEW YORK—April 21, 22, 23, and 24.

Admission (To Any Seat) 25c

(To the Box) 50c

## AFTER CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE DISTRICT.



THE COMMISSIONERS BASEBALL TEAM. Reading from left to right—Bottom row—Hurley, second base; Camilleri, catcher; Harding, right field; Whiting, pitcher; Colliflower, pitcher; McNulty, first base; Howard Beckett, pitcher. Back row—Humphrey Beckett, catcher; Treadway, center field; C. Beckett, pitcher; J. J. Strain, manager; Kemp, third base; Thomas, shortstop; Birch, pitcher; Lay, left field.

## WILL THERE BE A HEAVY-WEIGHT FIGHT? IS THE QUESTION FANS ARE NOW ASKING

It's Apparently All Up to Former Champion Jim Jeffries—Interesting Statistics on How the Big Fellows Compare as They Stand To-day.

Figuring on the assumption that James J. Jeffries will finally agree to meet Jack Johnson, what will be the outcome? asks Billy Rocca, the Philadelphia referee. Sports of the country have seen the retired champion at his best when he is polished off Corbett, Fitzsimmons, and made such a neat job of Jack Munroe in his time. No matter how much Jeffries trains, he can never hope to be better than when he was at his best five years ago. Now, what about Johnson? The writer firmly believes that no one has ever seen him at his best. He did not have to extend himself to beat Tommy Burns. The big negro came nearer to showing his true form right in this city than he has anywhere else.

After giving a disgusting exhibition against Sandy Ferguson, he was given another chance to show his worth. He was pitted against Black Bill, of Merchantville, who at that time—1904—was a dangerous proposition. Johnson was told that he must cut loose or he would be driven from the city. The wallowing he gave Black Bill on the February night showed what the new world's champion could do when he tried. He did not knock Bill out, but Bill was on the floor fourteen times in the six rounds, and each time as the result of a stiff punch. Bill weighed 184 pounds, was of the Walcott type, and a hard man to knock out with one punch. The final bell was a welcome sound to the Merchantville heavy-weight.

The pictures of the Burns-Johnson fight are now being toured in this country and they are being closely studied by the sports. Most of the milling was done in the clinches. Burns showed his wonderful speed in footwork and did most of the leading. He jabbed considerably, but his efforts fell short. What was expected by the fans was not forthcoming. They had looked for Johnson to use his left jab incessantly, but he did not. He feinted with it time and again, but seemed set on making good use of his right. All of his effective work was executed with this right when he caught Burns coming in and in the clinches. Burns' head was seen to go back time and again from Johnson's right-hand uppercuts. Burns was badly marked up, while Johnson did not appear to have a scratch.

As there is much interest taken in the proposed meeting between Jeffries and Johnson, the latter's style of milling, his aggressiveness, and all other points that go to make up a champion were studied closely by the fans. According to many remarks made by the enthusiasts the general opinion seemed to be that Jeffries will win by a knock-out if they meet. It was not forced at any stage of the game. His wonderful speed was not evident to a large extent. In places he showed flashes of his true ability and then made Burns look ridiculous. When he forced Burns several times he led his left for the stomach in a manner that left a good opening for a man with a powerful right. It was not a straight blow, but a swing which started in back of him. Burns blocked most of them. But it appeared that if Burns was on the alert and punching straight he could have stepped in and probably "copped" Johnson. Burns punched straight with his left, but his right-hand blows, which were few, were swings, and the champion had no trouble in stopping either with his hand or shoulder. He also ducked many of them.

It is all up to Jeffries whether there will be any fight, and the following interview with the former world's champion makes timely reading:

"I've told you time and time again that if I can make the weight without killing myself I'll fight Johnson, and if I fight him I'll beat him," says "Big Jim" Jeffries to all inquiries.

He said it petulantly, for the question has been asked him before. That "time and time again" showed weariness of the spirit.

"Just look me over," said Jeffries. "You can see the shape I'm in. You can figure out as well as I can my chances of getting into the ring with him."

"I weigh at this minute 302 pounds. Can I get off a hundred pounds of that?"

"I'm glad I'm playing."

(Parody on "I'm Glad I'm Married.")

By GEORGE MORIARTY, Third Baseman of the Detroit Tigers.

Some people think that playing ball is just like playing tag. You buy some bats and balls and gloves and go and land a rag. But just ask any player and he'll say that's not the case.

To find this out just take three strikes and leave three men on base.

Then they'll yell: "Casey, when did you arrive? How the h— did you get back from that dear old Hackensack? Back to the bush league—hey, Rube, don't miss your car."

Fans are full of sympathy—yes—they are.

Last spring a fellow said to me: "I'm pulling for the Tanks." "I'm glad you think that way," said I. "Let me extend my thanks." The rage began and we found out it ended long ago.

The Tigers won the pennant and the Tanks—well, well, you know.

CHORUS.

When "Griff" retired, every one felt blue. Elberfeld then took his place.

He said that we would win the race.

"Don't think that Jennings Has anything on 'Kid'."

Did he land us up on top?

Yes—he did.

HOW THE MEN COMPARE.	
Jeffries.	Johnson.
6 ft. 1½ in. Height.	6 ft. 1½ in.
175 in. Neck.	17 in.
46 in. Chest.	4½ in.
16 in. Waist.	16½ in.
16½ in. Forearms.	13 in.
16½ in. Wrist.	13 in.
17 in. Thigh.	17½ in.
18 in. Calf.	15 in.
23 in. Weight.	230

ever going into the ring again. For a time I did keep up my training, but I saw that it was no use, as there was no sign of any coming my way. I ought to worry over. There was no money for me in fighting pikers, and no club would match me against the third-raters that came up.

"But, as I have told you and many other questioners, I am going to do my best to get rid of a hundred pounds. That's about one-third of my whole weight. I can tell before I have gone very far whether taking the fat off is going to hurt my mind or kill my chances."

"If I find that I can't get the weight off and keep well and strong, I am not going to be fool enough to keep on trying. If I find, on the other hand, that I can train the fat off without weakening me at all, I will keep at it until I am in condition to fight Johnson."

All of which is pretty chatter, but there are few who see Jeffries who believe that he can ever get into condition to go into the ring again. There are not many who believe that he has any intention of going into the ring again. His theatrical work is paying him well and it will continue to pay only so long as he continues to fight Johnson.

He is not taking off an ounce of flesh in his stage work. In fact, it has been said by those who have been with him that he has made weight since leaving the Coast.

The amount of champagne he drinks in any one night would drive Billy Muldoon to despair if Muldoon had him in training. This bubble-water campaign isn't doing anything toward helping him to get into condition.

There is not a man in this part of the country wise in the fighting game who takes any stock in Jeffries' pretensions that he will fight Johnson. Every man who knows anything about such matters has formed the opinion that Jeffries can never trim himself down to fighting weight.

Jeffries was the star attraction at the "Larry" Mulligan ball during his stay in New York. He sat in state in one of the upper rooms of Terrace Garden, surrounded by wine agents, and scores of men who have been fight experts for years went into the room and looked Jeffries over and talked with him. They all formed the same conclusion.

"Hog fat all over and too far out of condition ever to get back," was the unanimous comment.

"He'd have to take an automobile into the ring if he ever wanted to get at Johnson," said "Big Bill" Devery, New York's former chief of police. "He's got no wind and no foot speed. Johnson would go around him like he was a windmill, and the only chance the negro would take of being hurt would be to get hit by one of the sails by accident."

Jeffries himself is apparently in earnest when he talks of fighting Johnson.

"If I ever get down to weight I will fight Johnson, and fight him harder than I ever fought anybody before, because I will make them let me alone by beating that negro. I will fight him in a four round fight if he wants. There will be no question of fighting him if I get this fat off."

"Everybody seems to think that I don't want to fight him; that I'm afraid I will lose the reputation I've won."

"That's all rot. I realize that I ought to beat that black man. When I quit there wasn't anybody in sight that it was worth my while to train for. Nobody developed until this Johnson was that fight over in Australia. It has been years since I fought, and I had given up all idea of

fighting."

A very important step was accomplished this week in the obtaining of special railroad rates for the National Bowling Association convention and tournament.

Bowling will be able to visit New York at a cost of a fare and three-fifths for a round trip. This is effective on all railroads.

The ball of the New York Bowling Association at Terrace Garden on Wednesday was a great success, and quite a sum was added to the fund for the entertainment of visiting bowlers during the national tournament.

Cornell Soccer Team Wins. Ithaca, N. Y., April 27.—The Cornell soccer football team showed a surprising reversal of form this afternoon by defeating the strong Harvard team by the score of 2 to 1.

## MARATHON RACE LOOKS QUEER.

After Crawling Out of One Match Indian Asks for Shorter Distance.

Alf Shrubbs, the English professional runner, has two fifteen-mile races scheduled within the next two weeks, one with Tom Longboat on Saturday and the other with Henri St. Yves a week later. There is something queer-looking about the first. After his defeat in the Marathon match at the Garden, Shrubbs agreed to meet Longboat in a fifteen-mile contest at Buffalo. The Indian crawled out of that race, and at the last moment Dorcas was substituted. Longboat was accused of being a quitter and afraid to take on the Briton at the latter's own distance, although he had agreed to do so. At least that is the version that was given to the public.

It now develops that Saturday's match race is none of Shrubbs' making. Longboat asked for it on his own hook and Shrubbs took him up. Without waiting to consult with his managers, the Indian asked for an early date, and Saturday afternoon, at Rosedale Park, Toronto, was agreed upon.

Longboat never did banker particularly about being beaten, and that he should deliberately ask Shrubbs for a race at a distance entirely to the latter's liking makes it look as though there is more behind the thing than the public knows.

In the Marathon derby Longboat ran as though he had not another good race in him. On that race he should be beaten a couple of miles Saturday if he isn't, he'll be in line for investigation.

## ENGINEERS PLAY BATTERY D.

Good Game at Arsenal Booked for To-day.

The Engineers and Battery D, of Fort Myer, will cross bats to-day on the Arsenal diamond, at 2:30 o'clock.

The Engineers are especially anxious to take the measure of the Artillery boys, as there is a keen rivalry between the teams. The Battery will try to avenge the football defeat, while the Engineers will endeavor to wipe out the defeat of their cricket basket-ball team.

The Battery will use their strongest slab artist, "Tommy" Forrester, who is considered by many to be the peer of army pitchers. Capt. Robbins will be at the receiving end. Capt. Sapp will send either Howie or J. Collins and Sullivan on the firing line, so a pitchers' battle is anticipated.

The Engineers line up as follows: F. Collins, c. f.; H. Tripp, a. s.; C. News, 2d b.; H. Haas, 3d b.; C. Rockwell, a. o.; Wilkerson, r. f.; B. Sapp, 1st b.; J. Nicholson, l. f.; Sullivan, c. and Howard or J. Collins, p.

## TWO NEW CHAMPIONS IN SIGHT

Rector, of Virginia, and Capt. Howe, of Yale, Look Good.

Recent Dual Meet Discloses Track Athletes Who Should Win at Intercollegiate.

New York, April 17.—Two probable intercollegiate championship winners were uncovered at the Yale-Virginia dual meet at Charlottesville on Saturday, when James A. Rector won the hundred in 94.5 and the two-hundred in 2:14.5, and Capt. L. V. Howe captured the high hurdles in 15:24.5. There was quite a wind blowing down the field, and this aided the sprinters and hurdlers greatly. But it is early in the season for such performances even under the conditions. Howe's time in the 25-yard hurdles was 4:51.4, not so good, but he was never fully extended, and can do a lot better.

Last year Howe got fourth in the high hurdles, being beaten out by A. B. Shaw, of Dartmouth; J. C. Talcott, of Cornell, and D. R. Robbins, of Yale. He won the 220-yard event from J. L. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania; Shaw and G. F. Gardner, of Harvard.

Howe has been doing exceptionally well all winter in practice at New Haven. He has not done any great amount of work, but enough to keep his muscles in shape. Now he is getting down to real hard work. With Shaw out of it, Howe will take a lot of beating in both the hurdle races.

R. A. Spitzer, whom Johnny Mack recently said is the fastest miler in the colleges to-day, got only third in the mile at Charlottesville. He was led to the wire by Amos Corey and R. L. Mann, both of Yale, in 4:51.5. He did win the half, however, in 1:58.15.

What will virtually be a race for the fifteen-mile American championship will be run at the Monument A. C. games to be held in Celtic Park on Sunday afternoon, May 2. An effort was made to secure the A. A. U. sanction to call it a title event, but the ruling body would not comply with the request. It will be practically an invitation affair, for only runners with established reputations will be permitted to start. Lewis Tewanina, James Lee, Jim Crowley, Tom Morrissey, Joe Gilbert, Charles McLean, Joe Milne, and all the other big fellows in the distance game will be asked to compete.

In addition to the fifteen-mile hike, there will be two specials put on. Harry Hillman and McShepard will be asked to run a match 60 yards, and Clougher, Eckman, Robertson, and Keating are to be invited to get together at 150 yards.

## J. J. CLINGEN LAUDS BOWLING

President of National Bowling Association Appeals to Pinspillers.

Claims that the Game Deserves a Place Among the Recognized National Sports.

John J. Clingen, president of the National Bowling Association, has issued a proclamation to the bowlers of the country calling their attention to the importance of the national bowling championship tournament which will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, from May 24 to June 12. The president's proclamation is as follows:

"To the bowlers of America:

"As the Olympic games are to the athletes of the world, so bowling is to the bowlers. It is the annual championship of the National Bowling Association in stimulating interest in the greatest of indoor sports.

"These championships will for the first time be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, from May 24 to June 12, with the object in view of demonstrating that bowling is a game in which fully two million Americans are interested; that the governing end of the game has made such rapid strides that there is no better managed sport to-day; that the people who indulge in the great winter game are men of clean, vigorous and sound standing; that the game is great enough to support a history making competition in a matchless location; that bowling as a competitive game is large enough to be generally recognized and placed on the level with other clean and wholesome sports; that our modern academies do not contain environments unfit for young men, and that the best of people are interested, and that bowling is the science of health."

"John Bull is having a great laugh at our expense. Just now, but it's only a short time when the American boys will get wise and wallop the Driscolls, Welshes, Morans, Whites, Bowlers and the whole British shooting match."

"But they must first learn the art of straight punching and get shifty with the head as well as with the feet. Go over to Brooklyn, boys, and get a few points from McAuliffe! He knows both the old and the game of bowling."

"It has surprised a lot of fight fans no doubt to see the clever way these little English pugilists have jumped in and trimmed our feather and light weights off the reel," said the old New York sport as he discussed recent ring events the other night.

"It hasn't been much of a surprise to me, however, for I consider that the American school of boxing in the last twenty-five years has greatly deteriorated instead of being advanced."

"Our old-time boxers knew how to punch straight with both hands, and didn't go in with wild swings, wide open. Like Terry McGovern in his bing-bang style."

"It was John L. Sullivan, never a really clever boxer, who adopted this wild swinging, and since then nearly every pugilist on this side of the Atlantic has been doing the same thing, forgetting the old straight punches."

"Sullivan won because he was wonderfully strong. Smashing in, he broke his opponent's jaw, and he walked him on the jaw with his right and put him out."

"But when Sullivan met Corbett he was up against a clever fellow, and wasn't able to teach the young boxer as he would have liked to. In the twenty-one fight they fought."

"When McGovern met Young Corbett the first time at Hartford the latter just waited for McGovern's mad rushes, and, nailing him on the jaw, sent him down and out. Many of McGovern's followers thought it was an accidental blow, the boys met again, and Young Corbett repeated these tactics, with the same result."

"What was Sullivan able to do, with Charley Mitchell when he had him in the ring at Chantilly, France, for more than three hours? Nothing. Mitchell was too clever for a wild swinger like Sullivan, and simply avoided the big fellow until the latter was so tired that he was willing to agree to a draw."

"McCulliffe's Aim True.

"You didn't see Jim Driscoll do any wild swinging when he met Atwell, Corbett, Marty Baldwin, or any of the others, did you? No, not much. The Welshman simply jabbed them all sick with his clever straight left."

"He fought exactly like the old American pugilists I saw a generation ago—like Joe Coburn, Jim Dunne, Mike Donovan, Bob Farrell, Billy Madden and many others. Driscoll, Dunne, Farrell and Madden are alive to-day!"

"Ask them about the scientific boxers of old Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe, of more recent date, know how to lead straight. I met McAuliffe at the National Athletic Club the other evening, watching a couple of young swingers beat the air with their gloved fists."

"That's a couple of wild swingers, eh? I said to the former light-weight champion."

"Yes, very willing," replied McAuliffe, "but rotten. It's a pity, old sport, that society doesn't teach the young boxers of to-day how to spar. Why, if either of those boys came at me with wild swings, wide open, in my day, I'd have knocked him down."

"There they go, round after round, in the same ding-dong way. You remember poor Dempsey, of course? He was an artist. No man ever led to him twice in the same round. He was a real fighter, and he never fought one round like another."

"Sometimes he was aggressive, and then again he would play 'possum on the defensive. Dempsey was a straight puncher, and his blows landed where he aimed them."

"In 1881 the great little fighter George Dixon was pitted against Billy Plimmer for four rounds in Madison Square Garden. Plimmer was a follower of Sullivan and belonged to the same school of fighting."

"But Cleary could hardly put a glove on Mitchell, for the latter got a wireless ever since Mike started one of his swings and immediately sidestepped it. Cleary was as much surprised at Mitchell's phantom footwork and straight jabs as Leach Cross was when Driscoll made the East Side look like a green amateur at the Fairmont Club."

"Of course, we've had a lot of clever fellows, like Jim Corbett, McCoy, Ryan, and Charley. But they would have been better boxers if they had stuck to straight left-handed blows."

"Old Jim Mac was a real master in the art of boxing. His style was simply perfect, and all those English lads who have been boxing here lately have adopted his tactics."

"Mac was a Good Teacher."

"Along in the '70s Mac went to Australia and taught Larry Foley and other young fellows how to stop, hit, and get away. His teachings developed a lot of clever fellows who invaded America twenty years ago and proceeded to wallop through our fighters with ease."

"As soon as I saw Young Griffo box, I immediately recognized Mac's style, although I don't believe Griffo ever saw the veteran English pugilist. But it was Larry Foley who taught Griffo, and Foley got it all from Mac. There was Jim Hall, the cleverest big man I've ever seen since Mac was in active service."

"Fitz, by the way, was one of the Australians who learned the art from Foley and then came over. He was a straight puncher and quickly cut his way to the middle-weight championship, afterward to the heavy-weight title when he landed his famous solar plexus punch on Corbett's stomach."

"Johnny Summers, the other night, at the National Sporting Club, in London, taught our Jimmy Britt a hard lesson in the twenty-round boxing contest. Britt is a fast, clever boxer, but he, like a lot of clever American fighters, must go back and learn the value of straight hitting. That was the proper career in the country before the wild swingers got going."

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## USE STRAIGHT BLOWS

English Boxers Rely on Them to Win.

## OUR SCHOOL IS DIFFERENT

American Glove Artist Generally Follows the Methods of John L. Sullivan to Gain the Decision—Old New York Sport Discusses Recent Ring Events Which Stand Out.

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